Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

AND BULLETIN;

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Bulletin, No. 304. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 31, 1833. Vol. XIII.—Whole No. 631.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
By Samuel Coate Atkinson,
No. 12 HUDSON ALLEY,
A few doors south of 116 Chestnut street.
TERMS.—$3 per annum if paid during the year.
$3 50, if paid within the first month.
$4 00, if paid after the year.
Those desiring to discontinue their papers will please to give notice to that effect one week previous to the end of the year.
Printers desiring to exchange with this paper will please to send a copy of their publication containing the first number issued.

THE PATHWAY OF LIFE.

Translated from the German of J. P. Hebel, for the Saturday Evening Post.

The path of life!—what is the use of life?
Where is the secret, and where is the end?
To weigh it well, we must know its worth;
Can presence, its ends's anyway
To all, and to each one, the same?
The path's a task, mountain and stream,
Extended o'er a clear and lonely path!
And yet some spots seem the long road.

I saw a boy, red when the shades of night
Drove all children home, and my thoughts a spot
Saw clearer than, and when the midnight
Shed its effulgence on the sober earth:
"Twas an infant's grave. Take heed! take heed!
The paths were mysterious, and from the mere
Kept mankind in terror and mighty sorrow;
Each chose a path, and as he trod it with fear,
Each suspected supposed his would be best;
But none of all the day had escaped death,
The nameless journey; and while yet there seem'd
An interval left, the low'ring clouds would close
Among their forms.

Why will we open?
My soul questioned, and my heart
The raging gulf; however, nor does your fate.
A few short years, and the path of life is run
Forever; they hold it, nor even intend to pass
Upon the bridge, to maintain.
Were bound? I asked. "To that celestial shore,
Where the immortals will arise and sing
At head of their palaces. Take heed! take heed!"
I look'd, and he! I stood upon a thread,
Frail as the web, which the morning sees—
Look only forward!—invaded my ears.
I look'd before me with intense gaze,
And as I look'd, a flame of golden light
To which the sun is fountain, the dome,
Black cloud, and the sun's glorious glimpses
Of the far haven of the Christian's hope.

SCHILLER.

RAMBLES TO THE BOOKSELLERS' COUNTERS.—No. 3.

Under this title, our columns will hereafter be occasionally favored, in such a manner as to discovery with some little ability we possess, a knowledge of the prominent works which have from the time of their publication to the present.

After passing an opinion on these, we shall allow them to speak for themselves by extracts, is selecting which, with as little as possible to say in the gratification of the reader, but such parts will be seized on, as while they convey information or are amusing, may give a general idea of the character of the work, in which we are engaged.

For this purpose, every facility in the way of time and leisure, we are supposed, and we shall endeavour, without fatiguing the reader with many remarks, to enliven our newspaper in a new and original department,—one in fact to which little attention is paid, though it is as it undoubtedly is, the most fruitful and delightful.

We have before us a new work, just published in Cincinnati, entitled *The Western Souvenir, A Christmas and New Year's Gift for 1834, containing Descriptive Sketches of those pioneers and heroes of the West, who have fought the battles of the Savages, together with a view of the Literature, Civil History, Manners, and Antiquities of the Western Indians, By Timothy Flint.*

As a writer, Mr. Flint has acquired an enviable reputation by his glowing descriptions of the Valley of the Mississippi, are conceived in the true spirit of the poetical fervour; and his delineations of character, though sometimes highly productions, and so forth, of the truly great West, are accurate and evince a thorough and intimate acquaintance of feeling and taste refers to in leaving although the subject of his contemplation at the present little volume, our author is no less in his element—one in which he is equally at home in which few presented in the pages of the historian, but which, in the hands of the poet, becomes a thing of life, and speaks directly to the heart. The work opens with a "Physical View of the West," full of valuable facts. Chapter second is a view of the early days of the Valley of the Mississippi, and Settlement of the Mississippi," in which will be traced with a faithful pen to the discovery of these regions, and the following graphic picture presents it in the most favourable light:

"The horror of the efficient discovery of the Mississippi, probably belongs to the fathers Marquette and Joliet, two French missionaries from Canada, who were detained for that object by M. de Talon. They started on their journey of discovery in the Lake of the Illinois, Michigan. They traversed the immense lakes in a birch bark, paroque, accended lake Michigan to the bay of St. Joseph; and thence, it is supposed, over the present portage to the river Kankakee, and by the Omiscasin, and down that river to the Missisippi, and thence down that stream, through its forests, and passing the mouths of its tributaries, to the Arkansas. There are many French descriptive accounts of it have been distinguished by a full measure of the ravarity of their natural scenery. That unique combination of gold, that does not kindle in view of the grandeur of the country, and the immense prairies, savannas, and birds discovered in a summer season, of the Mississippi, and its great affluents, when the visions of fancy all have yielded to the stern reality of scenes, which it would be vain not admire, that these exploressary in the northern arms are in the habit of spending the winter at the bottom of the stream, in the holes beneath its pellucid wave, in the bright of grape vines on its shores, in the bottom of lakes, in the animals of its forests and prairies, in the numerous tribes of red men along its shores, in its majestic sweep down its dark woods, in the grand bluffs, the ruins of the antiquity and myth of America, the grand tower, and other precipices not far above the mouth of the Missouri, in the vast extent of majestic and placed stream, in short, of forest, prairie, and land, beast, and vegetable, and human life, the prodigality of unexplored empire of the lavery, which transcends in all the exaggerations, and verge."

Daniel Boone's romantic history is very pleasantly told, but it is to the anecdotal part of the book that our attention will be more particularly attracted, and we make the following miscellaneous extract from the work referred to, as containing the numerous scenes of deep interest which it presents.

"In October, 1795, Mr. M'Clure and family, in company with a number of families, set out from Redstone for Kentucky. Six men were killed, and Mrs. M'Clure, her child, and a number of others were captured. The following remarks were made in the night. The circumstances of the company at the time, and the peculiarity of the meeting incident, illustrating the inviolable force of natural affection, and the ties of kindred, are worthy of being here four children among their brush, which, together with the furniture, received for from observation. Had she chosen to have left her infant at a place where she might have secured. But this child it is her bosom, aware that its fiends would make known her retreat. The Indians, desirous of the child and of the three larger children, and took her and her infant captives. This child, however, was not sufficient to accompany their march on an untamed and unbroken path, and this measure was accordingly circulated rapidly. Captain Whitley immediately mounted a horse, and commenced pursuing station, overtook, and killed two of them, and rescued the child. Mrs. M'Clure, the other woman, and the scalps of the six persons whom the Indians had killed. Two of the afterwards another party of immigrants, led by Mr. Moore, were attacked, and three of their number killed. Captain Whitley pursued the perpetrators of this bloody act, with thirty men. On the sixth day of pursuit, he came up with twenty mounted Indians, clad in the dresses of those whom they had slain. They dismounted and fled. Three of them were killed. The persons recovered eight scalps, and all the plunder which the Indians had collected at the late massacres.

"April 10th, 1787, a party of fourteen Indians attacked a family living on Cope's run, in Bourbon county. At this attack may serve as a general sample of the undescribed detail of horrors in most cases of similar warfare, and as the circumstances possess a peculiar and interesting interest, we will give them in detail. The family consisted of the mother, two sons of mature age, a widowed daughter-in-law with an infant in her arms, two grown children, and a daughter of ten years. They occupied a double cabin. In one division were the grown children and the family, in the smaller part. In the other the remainder of the family. At evening twilight, a knocking was heard at the door of the latter, asking in good English for assistance by a person of the country. Who keeps house?" was the answer. On the door, all is still for awhile, all seeming, that there were but females in the house. Presently a gun is heard in their guns. The Indians, being refused admittance, broke the door down. The mother got that over the head of the first. The first went with a rush, and was followed by the three girls prisoners. The little girl escaped, and ran to the other cabin. The Indians killed one Indian, and was herself killed by the Indians in the confusion. Possession of one half of the house, fired it. The persons confined in the other part of the cabin were driven to choose between exposure to the flames, or exposure to the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savages. The latter sustained themselves in the midst of fire of the fierce flame, while the bright glare of the flames would expose them to the fire of the savages, who should escape. One son took charge of the door, and the other of the window. The mother in widowed sister and her infant. The brothers secured with their rifles, and commenced firing upon the fierce at different points. The fire, flaming and dense, soon compelled the defenders to choose between the fire and the tomahawk. The mother and sister of their persons, by the backing of a dog that followed them. They retreated and killed two of the Indians, who had appeared at the window, in order to secure the escape of the rest.

"Of the persons and antiquities, we only quote the following remarkable passages:

"Among the monuments of Indian antiquities may be classed the idols, vases, and culinary utensils of clay, which members are found in the western country, as that they have been long regarded as curiosities. The beautiful threeheaded vase, found in the ancient sepulchres of Indian pottery and moulding that has yet been found in the western country in Tennessee. It consists of three heads of proportions of considerable symmetry, representing the countenances of different expressions and ages. The whole workmanship is executed with a degree of fidelity to the common notion of Indian art. It is remarkable for its beautiful and perfect specimen of Indian pottery now found in the world in general.

"The aperture represented the mouth of a spouse, and the ears were pierced for suspending it. Vases with a degree of eager appetite—or digging a hole in the ground. Such is the case in Tennessee, by the forks between the Mississippi and Missouri, we came upon a great number of these vases. Much of it in his preservation has been destroyed by the ravages of time. Near the mouth of the Ohio. It is found in fact every where between the Mississippi and the Atlantic, from Canada to the Gulf. The material is clay, with a considerable intermixture of pounded shells, fossil, stone, testaceous, but generally of a yellowish whiteness. They were all moulded by the hand, and are of every variety of size, from the small shapes of natural objects were happily imitated. The figures of animals, birds, and fish are rude. Sculptured and inscribed rocks are among the most remarkable antiquities. There is a rock of a mountain in Tennessee, on the marks of which appear characters of colouring, are marked upon the rock, and which, as though they were the tracks of an army. Some of the tracks show, as if the party had stopped to rest awhile. All have the appearance of being an actual impress in soft clay, which has since hardened to stone, retaining a perfect impression. Characters of this description, it is said, are found in the upper county of the high bluffs, that expand the western rivers. Inscriptions of this sort are found in Missouri, on the Illinois, and in various other parts of the western country. A large stone was found in a solid block of limestone, on the bank of the Mississippi, at St. Louis. The most remarkable circumstance in it is the evidence of the origin of these mounds or structures.

"The most excavation of the Louisville and Portland canal, affected an impressive display of these monuments. In the alluvial soil of the Ohio, and in the vicinity of the canal, they were gradually above the compact bed of slate limestone, and from fourteen to seventy of twenty feet below the surface, brick hearths were discovered, and charcoal, and other proofs of domestic fires still visible. The bricks, as we have heard them described, were hard and regular in their shape, and of a dimension of about 12 inches long, in proportion to their width and thickness. The charcoal, and other remains of animals, similar to those found at Big Bone Lick, were also found. The most remarkable thing, however, was that of a man standing erect in the earth, with his face turned to the south, at the degrees with the shoulders, and holding in the hand a stone pipe, which was discovered in connexion with gay colours, beautifully polished, and of the size of half an orange."

"Of the Indians, we need say, that the present peculiar propositions promises to be popular, and is very acceptable to the author."

ORIGINAL

COME BACK TO ME.

When the light upon the mountains
Shall have left a golden trace,
And the music of the fountains
Is untroubled by the breeze;
When the evening bells are pealing,
Their soft tones to me recall,
Then my heart is ever stealing
Will thou come back to me?

When the night-bird's song is ringing,
How gladness is in love,
And the fancy flowers are blushing
Dashingly above,
When the veil the purity transfers
Over her cold couch of snow,
Soft evening shade resembles,
Will thou come back to me?

When autumn's leaves are sighing
Like spirit forms in chase,
Their sad voices seem replying
Will thou come back to me?
When the winter's cold is ringing,
In notes far off from a plaint,
When the merry world is singing,
Like mocking birds in mirth,
Will thou come back to me?

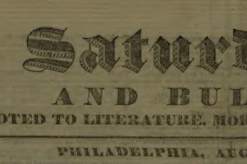
Oh! with thee were the mountains
Of sunshine and of flowers,
And the murmuring of fountains
Like music in the bowers.
By day and by the midnight hour,
Oh! with thee were the world of sight;
And the holiness of heaven
On the fragrance and the tree.
Then, in the evening hour,
Thou wilt come back to me.

C. H. W.

The majority of people of wit, like comedies that may give them pleasure, without much trouble of writing, and are not much disposed to find beauties in that, which requires long deliberation to find it beautiful. Hebey has not appeared beautiful to the Greeks and Trojan, but by force of argument, we had never been told of the Trojan war.

It matters not whether our good humor be occasioned by others into insensibility, or even infection; it is no pleasure to ourselves, and such but a fool would conceive his satisfaction, by what the world thinks of his disposition.

HOLT'S NEW HOTEL, NEW YORK.



This newly erected house of public entertainment is, without doubt, the greatest establishment of the kind in America, perhaps in the world. It stands on the corner of Fulton and Pearl streets; the front on Fulton street, is 160 feet; on Pearl street 75; and on Water street 85½ feet. It is six stories high, beside the basements. The height of these walls from the footpath of the cornice is 76 feet; to the top of the pinnacles 100 feet; from the side walk to the top of the dome, 152 feet. It contains a dining hall 130 feet long, two side dining rooms 45 feet each, together with two parlors, one above the other, 45 feet by corresponding size. While a part of the Indians were undergoing the operation of scalping, another girl that was made prisoner, the third defender of the cabin, who, while she was using at her loom, at the moment of attack. The Indians, after the fray was ended, had killed one Indian, and was herself killed by the Indians in the confusion. Possession of one half of the house, fired it. The persons confined in the other part of the cabin were driven to choose between exposure to the flames, or exposure to the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savages. The latter sustained themselves in the midst of fire of the fierce flame, while the bright glare of the flames would expose them to the fire of the savages, who should escape. One son took charge of the door, and the other of the window. The mother in widowed sister and her infant. The brothers secured with their rifles, and commenced firing upon the fierce at different points. The fire, flaming and dense, soon compelled the defenders to choose between the fire and the tomahawk. The mother and sister of their persons, by the backing of a dog that followed them. They retreated and killed two of the Indians, who had appeared at the window, in order to secure the escape of the rest.

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

WOMAN'S EYES.

Bright is the sparkling star,
And bright the moon's pale face,
But brighter—purer far,
Are fairest woman's eyes.

With not the golden rays
That from the sun arise,
But such that would be naturally like
In lovely woman's eyes.

When I from joy am driven,
And hope around me flies,
Until shall feel a heaven,
In lovely woman's eyes.

S. WILDERNESS.

From the Cooker

The Moderate Drinker's
Or the Unhappy Marriage.

Oh doth the glowing goblet drain,
Nor dies in vain the sparkling wine,
For death is hiding them between
The moderate drinker's eyes.

Seneca tells us that it is easier to persuade men into virtue than to rid them out of vice. This is probably occasioned by the force of habit in all times, and upon certain points, a confidence to the human mind, and strength, that neither persuasion nor raillery can change the direction of the mind's energies. This is nowhere more apparent than in the man who is accustomed to intoxication. He has been fascinated by appearances that it will finally lead him to excess, and he will attempt it by way of the social accident in his own resolution, and will point you to the years he has indulged in it without danger.

Who has known, for the purpose of convincing him to write the life of a man, whose prospects were once as bright as the morning sun, and whose hopes were as sanguine as they were ardent?

In one of the middle states dwelt a man by the name of Churchill, who had received a liberal education, and was a man of singular character, habits, and disposition. He had his own idea of everything, and did not consider the laws of society good because they were considered so by others, but because in which he could see the reason and the only path of utility. He was generous in the extreme, and his hospitality to those he loved, he was deaf in his hostility to those he hated. His character was a mixture of the good and bad, his character be conjured for, from two of his greatest failings, intemperance and extravagance, was that of a man standing erect in the earth, with his face turned to the south, at the degrees with the shoulders, and holding in the hand a stone pipe, which was discovered in connexion with gay colours, beautifully polished, and of the size of half an orange."

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C. H. W.

Caroline burst into tears; for the ring her husband had given her on the night he proposed upon her to fly with him, and the necklace was the darling legacy of her second mother, which she had inherited, in like manner, to leave to her daughter. Frank staggered out to the jeweller's, while the unhappy Caroline knelt down by the side of her child's cradle, and wept and prayed alternately for her husband's return to virtue.—Long she waited for his return; but she waited in vain. He had received all the value of the jewels, and determined to risk it on a game, after having spent a portion for liquor. His children sat at home, who had been sleeping, from hunger and cold, and their little tears and sighs for poor Caroline were heard by her hands well agoey, and prepared herself to go to her father and beg for her children. She met many in the street who had once considered her smile as a favour. Her heart nearly burst on her without speaking a word, when she found she failed her as she entered the house in which he resided the cruel care of her father, but she pressed on. What will not a mother do for her suffering children? She entered the parlour unseen, where her father lay upon a splendid crimson sofa. Her heart into tears and fell upon her knees before him.

"Oh! my still honoured and beloved father," give me not for my starving children. I implore you not for myself, but for those who are dearer to me than life. Oh! refuse me!"

She could say no more, for tears choked her utterance, and she only fixed her eyes on the pitiful eyes, expressive of affection and supplication.

"When I pronounced a curse upon your disobedience," said the father, "I meant it; never come across the threshold of my house. I sufficiently warned you of the consequences of your folly and you have to sacrifice unconsidered now I bid you again to go and starve. For you are no longer my child, and shall receive no further favour from me, &c."

Caroline's pale cheek kindled at the epithet of *worthless scoundrel*, but grief for her children subdued the impulse of her pride, and she was proceeding again to implore her father, in the name of God, in the name of her mother, and of her own children, when Churchill rang the bell violently for a servant to turn her out. Caroline rose, and weeping convulsive went out to return to her suffering children, that had fasted all day.

"Think God, there are few such fathers," said a gentleman, who had witnessed the scene at the window. "If you will accept it, madam, here is a subscription for your children, and may God bless you!"

The gentleman was Dick, the water drinker, and old friend of Frank. He had loved Caroline himself, which was the reason he refused to introduce her to him. Dick had led a sober life, and was on the high road to fortune and respectability. Caroline, in the meantime, was addressed he joined her and used every means to restore her husband and children to virtue. Every means, however, failed; and Caroline, through poverty and grief, pined away. One day in November, a number of officers entered their hut in search of her husband. Despair in a moment seized her, as she feared the worst. She demanded their business, and was told that her husband had been discovered in forging the signature of Caroline's father, to a considerable amount; and that the law must take its course. At this moment the silver cord snapped, and Caroline became a broken-hearted corpse. The second, fell into the cradle, and when a neighbour came in and raised her, it was found that her youngest child had perished beneath her weight. She was conveyed to bed, and there lay a long time the very picture of death. Frank was arrested in the gambling room, and his money before him, and conveyed to prison. Caroline came to her senses and discovered that, unconsciously, she had destroyed her child. The next morning it was found that the bad, in the night, crawled to the corpse of her child, and died. Her arms were unfolded round it, and it was pressed against that of her mother. Thus perished the heart-broken mother, a victim to moderate drinking. Frank, when he heard the affecting story of his daughter's death, all the father came upon him; and never did he look finer in person. He died with it his head. Business ran him off in early life.

Churchill, as an accomplice for his cruelty, took the boy Caroline left, with the determination of educating him, and to make him in a path more happy than that which his father had trod. The convict sleeps in the vault of his fathers.

MILFORD BARD.

S. S. Post and Bulletin.

Saturday, August 31.

ADMINISTRATION BY THE GOVERNOR.
Garret Dorset, of Bayne county is an Adjutant General of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Cooper, the sawdust, engaged passage for himself and child, in the packet ship Mary Ann, to sail from Havre for New York, on the 1st inst. He gave out, the Headroom, the Countess of Swinefield, will be published shortly, by Carey, Lee and Blanchard, of this city.

The Elephant which arrived in the last Treaty, at this port, from Calcutta, was purchased from Holmes Matthews, Va., Prince George county, on the 3rd of October, was held on high estimation by him, that he would not have sold him but by the earnest solicitation of his children. The Elephant Al Khan, is 10 years old, 9 feet 3 inches high, girth 8 feet 6 inches, has two beautiful tusks 9 inches long, and he and his keeper are commended to be very obedient, docile and in perfect order. He is under care of the Mahouts who accompanied him from Calcutta.

The general assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in the United States, met in this city on Thursday last 64 ministers. Connected with the body, and numbering 10 in all, are 19 synods, comprising 88 presbyteries. These consist of 2500 congregations, which are supplied with by 1925 ordained ministers, and 1500 licentiates. The increase during the year preceding May, 1832, was 110 pastors, 100 churches, 3 candidates, 119 churches, and 16,542 communicants.

The Northern Liberties and Penn Township Rail Road, recently surveyed, is about to be put under contract that it is confidently expected it will be completed in November next. The project is to connect with a large basin on Wiesse street, has been purchased by the company; and at the corner of Second and Jay streets a splendid hotel is being erected, which will vie in size and accommodations with any other hotel in New York. The company will have an exclusive right of transporting by the road, and the cars will be connected with the other principal rail-roads running into the city. The contracts are to be let in a few days, and the investments are considered profitable.

It appears from official documents, that in the city and county of Philadelphia, from June 1st, 1830, to Dec. 31, 1832, a period of 15 years, the number of deaths were 25,675, and of births 39,511. Of the deaths there were 12,698 males, and 12,977 females, being 1,280 males more than females. Of the births 20,211 were males and 19,300 females, being 911 males more than females. Of the deaths there were 20,314 whites, 5,361 coloured persons, 1,000 strangers, 1,000 not known, 80 was 1782; between 80 and 90, 957; between 90 and 100, 170; and 1 was 102 years old. Of the births 119 and 100, 71 or one in 12[illegible]. Of the deaths there were 305 by drowning, 1,000 by consumption, 1,000 by cholera spasmodic, 910 by malignant cholera, still born 2520, and 617 by cholera infantum.

On Friday, of last week, Peter Morgan, who stole the Zanesville log, was tried at Canandaigua, in New York, under the following circumstances: he entered the store of Mr. Hall, in that village, about three years ago, of some spunk and cash, he bought up the whole stock, and then sold out again to Bodewell, but no mistake were taken of the principal officers of the bank, and Morgan was tried because of being suspected as the first engine he was of proof, and he was found guilty of the theft, and sentenced to the state prison, but he was discharged. We hope he soon will be attended with better results to [illegible].

On Sunday, the 18th inst. a son of Mr. Van Alen, of Rochester, N. Y. fell off the roof of his father's house about eight weeks ago, but exhibited no symptoms of the disease, and was considered safe. On the 18th inst. he was seized with, it presented, a convulsive fit, which he suffered in succession for seven days, when he was conducted it was the effect of spasm, but were subsequently too much alarmed to render him assistance. He was in the same short on memory, and when taken out was quite dead.

The friends of humanity will regret to learn the death of the Hon. Wilson Cary Nicholas, on the 10th year of his age—"a senior," says a London paper, "which will be long remembered by the friends of free and honest men. He was brother of the Governor of Virginia, and father of Dr. Nicholas, of this city, and Mr. Nicholas, of Philadelphia, and J. W. Monroe, Jr. Esq. Virginia, Among the distinguished guests at the Lafayette Mansion, George W. Lafayette, and Count Lafayette, Edward Harris, Esq. Secretary of State, Affairs, D. Bradford, Esq. U. S. Consul at Paris, and Joseph Lewis, General Bernard, Duke de Fitzjames, an Esq. mother of the Legislature of France, and Lafayette, Esq. Secretary of State, and Gen. Armstrong, General of France, and Gen. Armstrong, General of France, and Gen. Armstrong, General of France

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, August 24, 1833.

REMOVAL.

After next Saturday, the Printing and publication office of this paper will be removed to No. 30 Carter's Alley, 3d door below 3d Street.

As the earnest solicitation of many friends, we shall not omit our columns, this week, two articles on the recent decision of the New Jersey Court of Chancery, in the Quaker case. The deep interest taken on that question by a large portion of this community, must be our apology, if any be needed, for the space so occupied.

We have received a circular from the Committee of Superintendence of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, desiring information and suggestions on this subject, derived from the best sources. The Committee will hold a meeting at a future date in the district of Columbia, when the delegates from Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, 22 in Massachusetts, 21 in Connecticut and N. Jersey, 40 in N. York, and 24 in Pennsylvania, will assemble.

The population of New York in 1830, it is supposed, will be 250,000, or 200,000 more than that of all New England, and will exceed that of all the North-western States and Territories. That of Pennsylvania is rated at 1,700,000; of Ohio, 1,300,000; of Virginia, 1,200,000; and of the thousands more. And since the oldest settled of these States, Ohio, has but 2,500,000 inhabitants, 500,000 will have been overtaken by a train which had not been in motion one year in advance of any of the rest, and not between a State and 1801, and had the countries within itself for growing into the great, the West of the whole Atlantic Union, and the Netherlands, a people as dense as that of Holland.

Our correspondent at Washington writes that Virginia contains 54,000, which is within 1,000 of the whole area of New England, and that the State is as large as well as colder South. The next in size are Kentucky, 40,000 square miles; Tennessee 30,000; Georgia 52,000; New York 46,000; Pennsylvania 44,000; North Carolina 40,000; South Carolina 30,000; Delaware contains 2,120, and Rhode Island 1,300.

The most rapid increase, after that of Ohio, and in the case of Ohio, which increased from 3,000 to 1,200,000 in less than 30 years, is that of Tennessee. The last was at the rate of 60 per cent. in ten years, whereas the average rate of the whole Union for the last ten has been but 33 per cent. and that of New England but a little more than 15. The rate of Ohio was never greater than 75, of Maine, 56; Indiana, 194; Illinois, 850; Missouri, 1,361; Arkansas, 1,511. The most rapid increase has, of course, been that of the smallest States.

The population of the United States in 1840 is rated at 17 millions. But when it will reach 100 millions, it is not easy to calculate. What it may be, however, is ascertainable from the first data which can be regularly extensive; that a vast amount of rich land is yet unoccupied, and that, being settled, it may be made nearly more productive; that a large portion of our country is under cultivation, and that the whole of the country should support but 230 inhabitants to a square mile, whereas Holland has 230 and Belgium 400. The editor of the Register observes, more than four hundred and fifty millions.

We are glad to see that Mr. George W. Carpenter has completed his new *Chemical Warehouse*, on the south side of Walnut, above Front. The building, which Messrs. Weir, & Co. of Boston, entitled "The Mayor's Triumph, Burial Valley, and other Poems," by Gen. Morris, of New York. The first is a tale of the times, and find that they raise still higher the elevated opinions and feelings which we had attached to the establishment, from his offensive that have from time to time found their way to the public eye, through the medium of magazines and newspapers. Mr. Holden possesses a strong and vivid imagination; and this, with its concomitant impulsiveness, has in some unfortunate moments led him into the use of language, in the poems which display the most labour, we find those evidences of polish and genius, which lead us to expect much from the pen of the author, whose influence shall have increased his knowledge of the human heart, and his power of controlling the passions of life—a union of reason and fancy, that affords the highest delight of which the intellect is susceptible.

On looking through the pages of the work, we find the chief poems, for plan and effect, and powerful passages, though not for general finish, are worthy of attention, and will amply repay the perusal of the person of equal merit, which we regret our want of room to quote. We cannot refrain, however, from presenting two of our favourites, the first a spirited sonnet, and the second a song:

SONNET.

"Young Bravery is the star!
To stay go
And rifle earth of all its loveliness,
And dart its splendour through the realms of Night!
The reason and richest—but, alas!
The most unlasting too pure for this!
The common nothing from the place of dreams,
The "Spirit of the Beautiful" is given
To an existence of the heart!
Youth, bad-excited youth, and pussy,
Yielding their bloom and fragrance to the tears."

The Burial.—p. 123.

The work is for sale by Mr. Thom a T. Ash, bookseller, No. 14 Carter's Alley.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, is regularly republished in Boston, by Messrs. Allen & Ticknor, Philadelphia, by Messrs. Carey & Lea, and we are pleased to see that the latter have commenced the publication. The June number of the work, with which we have been favoured, contains a number of articles of great interest, particularly one of these we make the following pointed extract, which would seem to show that England is on the eve of an important and alarming crisis:

We are at this hour threatened with a revolution in England. Whether it will come from the middle section of a similar more palpably, than the materials at home and abroad are prepared for it. The whole machinery of the British constitution, incessant appeals to the passions of the populace for plunder, lying pamphlets of the party, exaggerated and partial reports of speeches, *fomenta* calls to their revenge, a nobility fallen into contempt, and a king, the last of his house, and King Ireland alternately as a royal encumbrance and a royal nuisance, are the materials for the fire which the match is to be applied is another question. But upon the chief danger we have no hesitation to speak with perfect ease, the minor difficulty will not linger long in the rear of the greater. The Whig Ministry are now in the crisis of London—perhaps we might draw the whole closer still—the struggle is for the life or death in Parliamentary; villains black to the core, overcome by the force of character, and reluctantly driven into excesses, with whom all consideration of honour, feeling, and principle, are swallowed up in one eager passion of revenge; men who never cast a passing glance upon justice, church, or noble sentiment, but with an instinctive abhorrence of it as an object of spoil or conflagration; who never speak without laying out the dreams of power and blood that are brewing their hearts, nor will ever be satisfied with the trembled and most remorseless change, short of utter overthrow, the general plunder of property, the general extinction of religion, and the general subversion of government, one vast anarchy, and final triumph of atheism and anarchy.

THE QUAKER CASE.

Through the kindness, the decision in the case of Hendrickson *vs.* Sherwell, given the Court of Chancery, in New Jersey, was omitted, in a portion of our edition this week. We insert it again, to obviate this deficiency.

OPINION.

The case of Hendrickson *vs.* Sherwell, the Court have had under advisement, and being fully aware of its great importance, it has given it a very close and laborious investigation, both in relation to the law and testimony applicable to the case.

The bill is filed by the trustees for the education of the seminary of the members of the Caucus, that the decree of the Court of Chancery, in relation to the case, be affirmed, without the payment of costs.

The Court would have reasonably recommended to the parties interested, to make a speedy and amicable adjustment of all disputes and difficulties. I have always regarded as fatal religious controversies brought into society; as great annoyance and a demoralizing effect upon it, and a source of perpetual bickering to the infidel. It is, therefore, sincerely desired by all good men, that no controversies of this kind by this Society to effect a speedy and amicable settlement of their differences, that they may be rejoiced as much power them to be influenced by the light of this, and not by the passions and human hearts.

CONVICTION.

On Monday afternoon, Charles H. Potter was charged, before the Mayor, with uttering, forging, and passing a note purporting to be a genuine five dollar note of the Girard Bank. On the testimony of Miles, he was committed.

The POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.—The Boston Journal has some interesting suggestions on this subject, derived from the last census. The population of the United States to a square mile is in the district of Columbia, when it is 1,000; in Massachusetts, 80; Rhode Island, 72; in Connecticut, 61; in New Hampshire and N. Jersey, 49; in Maryland, 41; Massachusetts, 31; Ohio, 20; and in Pennsylvania 19.

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We are glad to see that Mr. George W. Carpenter has completed his new *Chemical Warehouse*, on the south side of Walnut, above Front. The building, which is 60 feet front by 100 deep, is finished in the Doric style with a large jack-knife. Mr. H. handed to Mr. Mason, a loss of blood. Colby escaped, after inflicting the wounds we have mentioned, and has been a fleet hare; but was pursued and caught, and is now secured by confined in Arch-st. prison. It is said that he offered considerable sum of money to the man who brought him to town, if he might be permitted to escape from custody.

The Arch street Theatre has been opened for the season, with the customary attractions, and meets with much spirit. Among the *Stars*, fixed and erratic, may be numbered, Scott, Forrest, Thayer, that prime of exquisite Mr. Russel and Mr. Wood. Mr. Wood! Thane, with other attractions, will render the Arch street establishment a favourite with the public. The scenic embellishments have been extended and improved;—and every exertion seems to have been made by the management to please the taste of the public and patronage, which the Peoples' Theatre has heretofore received.

A NEW SPECIES OF GAMBLING.

Two lottery vendors of this city, have recently been arrested and examined, before a city Alderman, on a charge of keeping gambling establishments in their offices. They were finally gallantly acquitted, and to pay a fine of 20 dollars each. It appeared that each of these persons had in his office and in daily use, what were called "policy boxes," and that a number of considerable numbers of coloured people were in the daily practice of gambling. So far as we were able to understand the nature of the business in the case, the persons playing paid 6¼ cents for what is called a policy chance, in the number which each selected for himself. If one of them three numbers should chance to be drawn, the keeper paid $1,50 for 6¼ of three dollars, and if two of the three, $1,50 the fortunate stakes of the figurative was entitled to twelve dollars from the keeper of the policy board.

The editors of the Ohio Western Repository, caution the public to beware of an impostor selling himself *Doctor L. R. Porter*, who has lately been depredating upon the people of Hamilton, first in the capacity of a clergyman, and secondly as a doctor. As a preacher, he is said to be indifferently eloquent, and on one occasion, distressing his own audience, he selected a regular divine for the text of an old M88. sermon of two, to help him out. As a physician he was more successful, having succeeded in obtaining a large quantity of cholera nostrums and specifics. Just at the time his rogatory wanderlust, he made his escape.

We recorded, a short time since, the melancholy death of a young lad of Brooklyn, N.Y. from hydrophobia. Another case of the same horrid malady occurred a few days after, in that village. On the morning of the 16th inst. Mr. O'Connell, a surgeon, who was seen d, and prostrated by the disease, which he fought, as is supposed, by a wound made in his hand, while submitting to the operation of a cock's head.

The fever is raging with violence in Cincinnati. Of the 1,000 deaths which have occurred in that city since the commencement of the season, 800 have been of cholera.

The schooner Ann Eliza, Capt. Hall, from Boston for Philadelphia, was run down by the steamboat Massachusetts, on Monday night, and sunk in 15 fathoms of water. The crew were saved.

THE PRESS.

The reputation of the American Press is not as elevated as it should be, and lower than it merits, but for the conduct of certain persons editors. Party may recognize no neutral newspapers—their motto is, "he that is not for me, is against me," and they manufacture hands against every editor who refuses to buckle on their harness of their cabal or faction. This is a singular trait in the character of American politicians, and one by no means creditable.

Newspaper editors are entitled to high consideration. By this phrase, we mean to include all manners of governments which affect the interests of the whole country. The Court would view contempt as so deeply seated as to require the severest measures of a party, and the support of particular men, friends of those measures. Through the influence of partisans, however, the intentions of the law are lost. Parties adopt questions of national policy as party politics, and will allow no one to meddle with them but themselves. The question of rechartering the United States Bank, unquestionably one of national importance, is referred to as a party question. By one set of politicians it is opposed—by another supported; and he who would argue the point as a temperate and disinterested man, would be considered by side he may choose to take, he treads on the heels of the other, or has a design to do so.

The consequence of clauses in the Constitution—the establishment of a national currency—diversity of the official acts of Congress, and of the conduct of the Executive—the exercise of the veto power—the behaviour of the Cabinet—of Ministers to foreign Nations, are all matters of party and party spirit. In fact, national matters—matters which affect the character, honour and standing of the people—which it is the duty of newspapers, however, to discuss temperately and become fully and practically acquainted with, are, unfortunately, made the mere harangue legitimately to the neutral press; and the party editor is left to deal with them, unmindful offering his prejudiced opinions, contrary to his conscience, and in direct opposition to his own purposes, and promote his party measures, CORRECTS A TO REPAIR UPON THE RIGHTS OF ORDINARY CITIZENS, and the consequences of which are the same light—such as education, internal improvements, imprisonment for debt, abolition of capital punishment, abolition of the death penalty, and numerous and various others. These are subjects in which every citizen is interested, and should find deeply interested—subjects which should be discussed coolly and fairly, distinct from parties and party measures—and which require only the control from elevated speak, boldly and fearlessly.

But this right is denied, and a portion of the American press—the portion we have alluded to—is gagged. The press, and the permanency of her glorious institutions, who dares to raise his warning voice against the influence exercised by the Executive, through the operation of official power, and the derelictions of public men, is denounced, in the first place, by party editors, and in the second, by the heads of the party to which the editor belongs. Should this be so? We ask the question seriously and solemnly, for on the happiness of our people and the prosperity of our country depends the duty of this subscriber to party?

We have a right to think of our own in point. Not long since, we spoke of the mission of Kendall to the state banks, as a preparatory step to the removal of the government deposits from the United States Bank. We hinted at the motives of the projectors of this absurd scheme—we attempted to show who were the authors, and the dangers which would result to the people, for the injury which would result, in the event of the success of the despised plan. And we spoke with an entire conviction of the truth of our remarks—sorry for the people to hear. What has been the consequence? From the moment of her removal, numerous speculators have written us letters, complaining that we are anti-Jackson in politics—and anti-Bank men have told us that we are not to speak at all upon that subject. This, then, is the boasted freedom of the American press, and this the censorship exercised over the political opinions of the people!

To this kind of discretion we neither can nor will submit. The opposition of narrow-minded partisans shall not intimidate us from discharging, to the best of our ability, our duty to the public. The Post is a neutral paper, as far as party politics are concerned, but it is not neutral, when questions are agitated which affect the dearest rights of the whole people. In stand as the defenders of the liberty of the press, and the conservative of the country of Morris, in safe and secure custody, until Friday, the 30th day of August next, and that you be taken from and Gaol that day to the Court House in the city of Trenton, there between the hours of 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, to be delivered over by the Sheriff of said county to the Keeper of the Gaol of the said County of Mercer, in order that you may be there and then dealt with according to law.

And it is further ordered by the Court, that the execution be done, your body be delivered to Dr. Isaac W. Scudder, for dissection. And may the Almighty God have mercy on your soul.

After this, the sentence was read to the prisoner in the following words: "It is the sentence of the Court, that whereas I could perceive a tear glittering in the eye of the prisoner. At the close of the Court proceedings, he be released from his irons, which request could not be granted, as he was to be executed in a few days, and another room—which also was denied him. He was then delivered to his cell by the Sheriff.

This trial has excited intense interest. Every day in the week the court room was crowded, before the hour for opening the court. At nine he and after a short illness, Mr. Peter Paul, colored waiter, in the 21st year of his age.

On Wednesday morning, the 21st inst. after a short illness, Mrs. Rebecca Ann Ellison, wife of Mr. Robert Ellison, in the 39th year of her age.

On Thursday morning, 22d inst. at 6 o'clock, John Wesley Gaskill, in the 21st year of his age.

On Thursday morning, 22d inst. after a short illness, Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Parker, wife of Mr. Robert Parker.

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On the morning of the 23d inst. Thomas Mifflin, son of Mr. Thomas Mifflin.

On Monday afternoon, Thomas Parker, Sen. in the 70th year of his age.

On Monday afternoon, in the 26th year of his age, Mr. James Ash.

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THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

Now may X Qa'this humble lay,
I C I can't X I;
But I shall all my powers B A,
A story for to tell.

In olden time a farmer dwelt
Before the river D,
But R time passing o'er he felt,
I sweet L T R V.

His earnings each year in LY gave,
He viewed it with heart I;
And C, he cared, no lovely spouse,
Come share my happy state.

Our hero was but 4 T 2,
L F R O T A,
But C'ours wonders love can do,
Her age he did not C.

Wuh N R G he poured his suit,
He loved her so X S,
Alas! poor Ch'lli tongue was mute
At her Pi X fidence.

Now C'ds to T'm no with your suit,
But trust you now R H,
I love a handsome man, U brute,
Who is in the X I's.

Said Ch'li R U N a good maid,
To love my M N E;
If this is how my love's repaid,
I'll see he does not C.

Said she, I 4 C how 'well he,
How B it like my heart;
Now quickly from my presence flee,
And dy to heal thy smarter.

Poor Ch'li returned to his pot,
Looked at his ruins and D'ry
And then to his gun he took,
And end a deadly tenor.

Next minute in the air he swung,
And sore relief he found,
The knife broke short him sung,
And P N'ure around.

But now in the cold grave R lies,
And sweet Pa'mour it bloom,
I must leave off, so wipe your I's
And visit Ch'li's tomb.

JUDICIAL WIT.—While Chief Justice Parsons was forming a team of the Supreme Court in Essex, Massachusetts, a jayman presented himself with an extensive suit serving on the Court, "What is the matter?" asked the judge. "I have a white swelling on my knee," which crowed out of him when I fell long in one pasture," was the reply. "Stand aside, Sir, till I ascertain what can be done for so great a saloon." It was found that a sufficient number was retained for jury, and the writer was never again before the Judge. "What did you say ailed you?"—"I said I had a sore knee, Sir."—"Ah! I see the answer. "You had better have stuck to your waists wedding," said Parsons.—"I can't swear to you."

When William Plumer was Governor of New-Hampshire, he appointed Mr. John Harvey, who had been long a tavern at Northwood, to a vacancy on the bench of the Common Pleas. The Chief Justice, (Atkinson,) was at disagreement with the majority when the appointment was made known on which he filed a protest, and left the court in a passion. "Here's to the honourable Judge Harvey—May he give as good satisfaction on the bench, as he did in the bar."

Daniel Webster, when a young practitioner, had a bad cause to try in Court, and he knew well that there was one witness against him, who if he testified, would ruin him. "What can he tell except the (said Webster) point him out in me." The man was shown to him, sitting on an upper seat on the bench, in a crowded court room. Webster with his withering glance, surveyed him from head to foot. The woman regarded a short distance. During the examination of other witnesses, Webster would occasionally cast a look. He removed further towards the door. There or four more continuing observations, fooled the next man out of Court.

"NOSE GRATES."—Perhaps there is no propensity of the human mind more truly beautiful and noble, or at least softening the ills of life than that which leads us to sight and understand with a sympathy that was absolutely not positively beyond our reach. An old tradition gives a curious illustration of the truth of this.

When Noah had simply secured himself in his Ark, and the rain had commenced pouring down in right earnest, a gentleman who had been left behind, and with the alarmed stragglers bustling, now finding the lake rather against him and the ark beyond his reach, walked up and desired to treat for a "chance in."—Noah hesitated him, with his own wife and children on board, and that there was no further room for mooring matters, unless he could find room for himself, was no admission. But Noah was soft hearted, and it was plainly a gone case. Therefore he went to the roof, and all the dismay and indignation as natural to a man in his predicament possible, he shouted out "you must find room for yourself, and I'll throw you a rope." "I don't believe there is room for so much of it," was the answer.

A KIND-HEARTED WIFE.—A Mrs. Ramsay, (said Mrs Partington,) whom I know to be a most extraordinary woman, and a good deal of a woman, has undertaken a most noble enterprise. She called on her gentlemen and gentlemen were but few and far between, and told them how true, and "Jane, I am dying, but make no sense, because if you do, the humane of the world will know it when his slumbers are broken by groans unknown, and all mankind will weep; but do you not weep me now, and come in at the usual hours in the morning you will find me dead, and he will have had the most proper allowance of sleep." She died as she came dead.

CONFUSTION.—An honest Hibernian who "takes no" a newspaper, though unlike some Yankees that we do not name, is not above "taking a paper" now and then, and in reading the other day, the word competition, in large type, he "put to a friend" to know what it meant. "It means (as a question that I'll be a putting to you) how many pigs you have got, my darlint?" said the friend. "Oh, my dear, my darlint," replied Pat, "I'll not answer at all, at all, for I'm afeard that some other person will be after putting down more than I can make it at all, at all, and then I'll be disappointed intirely." "Then you'll be disappointed, Darlint, will you tell me, now?" "I'll tell you," said Pat, "if you will, and so will I, Darlint." "Will you by—then what is it between us?"

CONVERSATION IN THE BACK WOODS.—Whose good do you own Sandy. What is he land? Begs. The atmosphere? Fool. What will he have to eat? What has he house built of? Logs. Any fish in the ponds? Frogs. *Burgess Bee.*

CATCH THE HOG.—A married gentleman, who had been quarrelling and carousing with some boon companions the night before, got home at a late hour, and was denied the watchstein cry. "Halt you two legged beast, who goes there?"

"A Bull will never do," thought he, "to have my wife know it has been home at that late hour," and broke the watchman into a different story.

With that, he ran into the street, and dragging him up to the door, told him to cry hall just eleven. As the honest watchman could not read the time by hand, being plaster Bacchi, or pretty tolerably well corned, he had known when a respectable man of the society parking him on again, he bade him cry as he had him, otherwise he would be put in the watch house. Poor watchy would fain have called for help, but at the accident hastened to the door and began to cry. The drive again, he concluded to do as he was bid where, him opening his mouth, exclaimed, "Catch the hog!" "Ha-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, by particular request, and it's well," C. Constable.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why does Modern sometimes Mine in her teens?
Because she's a Miner.
Why should Socrates lose the locks of a broad looking man?
Because *Socrates balding.*
Why is Oliver rather a sharp like a pigeonhouse?
Because it's full of *sane holes.*
Why are wagons like duck's eggs?
Because they're load.
Why is an overturned cook like a dandy sighted?
Because he's a fellow of little sense (sense).
Why is a lady in love with a King's son like an assistant of engravings?
Because she's full of the Prince (print).
Why is the act of removing like Arabs?
Because it's a camp-leaving nation! (emigration.)

THE YOUNG WIFE.—An awkward affair, which occurred to one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, has recently been the subject of much merriment in Philadelphia. The Judge, after having finished his labours, had cast off his learned wig at his seat, and gone home to dine. He had sent word to his worthy Judge, where he was about to accompany a friend to dine with him, and not to wait for him. The female servant of the house had omitted the last clause in the table door, and, on hearing a knock, was in the act come, in a state arrayed herself in the Judge's wig. Just as she had completed the adjustment of the wig, the unfortunate wearer of the head-dress made his appearance, and would have been on the ground, if he could have found room for it, but not enough to fall in his arms. At the sight, the servant fainted, and would have fallen on the ground, if she